Sarah E. Lancaster
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A

CHOICE SELECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

THE PIOUS.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being.
Psalm. civ. 33.

PHILADELPHIA:

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HYMNS.

I.

A Sacred Poem.

PART I.

1. MY heart and voice I raise,
To spread MESSIAH's praise:
Messiah's praise—let all repeat:
The Universal Lord,
By whose prolific word
Creation rose in form complete!

2. *Let there be light*—he said—
Then sullen darkness fled,
Obedient to his high command!
And massy orbs above
Began to shine—and move—
Sustain'd by his Almighty hand.

3. Creation's utmost bound,
(How high, or how profound)
Declares his Majesty divine:
Thou Everlasting Sire,
Thee—shall thy works admire,
And all proclaim the glory thine.

4. Man—the supreme of all
On this terrestrial ball,

In wisdom's purest gifts array'd;
From Eden basely fell:
To ransom him from hell,—
MESSIAH—suffer'd in his stead!

5. A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary!
He like a victim stood,
And pour'd his sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free!

6. But soon the victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquish'd host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compell'd to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns!

7. With mercy's mildest grace
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great salvation prove.

8. Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Thy kingdom shall increase,
'Till all the world thy glory see!
And righteousness abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

PART II.

9. In fierce consuming fire
Shall destin'd worlds expire!
And in his might MESSIAH rise:
The raging fervent blaze
Shall lift its voice in praise,
While all dissolve in earth and skies!

10. The mighty Lord of all
Shall then the nations call—
"Ye dead arise, to judgment come:"
The crowds arising see
His sov'reign majesty,
And trembling wait their final doom.

11. Great day—that shall descry
To every wondering eye
The secret deeds of day and night!
The sacred volume large
Its record shall discharge,
And bring our ev'ry thought to light!

12. The bold blasphemer there,
In rage, and wild despair—
In vain would shun impending ire:
Where shall the guilty hide?
Or the fierce day abide,
The day of God, reveal'd in fire?

13. With pangs unfelt before,
Urg'd by their pain—implore
A refuge from tremendous wrath!

Too late!—transfixt with awe,
They hear the fiery law
Condemn them to eternal death!

14. Bound with relentless chains,
They sink beneath their pains,
Nor shines one beam of hope from heav'n:
With the infernal host,
Are now for ever lost!
And down to fiery regions driv'n.

PART III.

15. Ye happy sons of light,
Who conquer'd in the fight,
And stedfast to the end endur'd!
Now view the great reward
MESSIAH hath prepar'd,
And to his faithful saints secur'd.

16. In ecstacies of bliss,
They *see him as he is*,
Whose glory fills th' eternal Throne:
He bids his servants prove
Their Master's joy above,
And be with him for ever one!

17. City of God, in thee
Is full felicity:
Thy treasures, an unbounded store!
Where—from the Source of Love,
The saints, transported, prove,
Unbounded joys for ever more!

18. There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And rapture swells the solemn lay:
While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And shout his praise in endless day.

19. *Salem*, secure above,
Thy joys when shall I prove,
And to thy holy hill attain?
Where weary pilgrims rest,
And in thy glories bless'd,
With God their King for ever reign.

20. May I but find the grace
To fill a humble place
In that *inheritance* above:
My tuneful voice I'll raise,
In songs of loudest praise,
To spread thy fame—Redeeming Love.

21. Reign—true MESSIAH—reign,
Thy kingdom shall remain
When stars and sun no more shall shine:
Mysterious DEITY,
Who ne'er began to be!
To sound thy endless praise—be mine.

II.

The sufferings of Christ.

1 THE Son of Man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away;

Think O my soul on that dread day,
Look on Mount Calvary;
Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
With hands, and feet, nail'd to the wood,
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain,
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold in agony he dies;
O sinners hear his mournful cries,
Come see his tort'ring pain.
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to view the sight;
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood afright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help, but O there's none!
He treads the wine press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood,
In lamentations hear him cry!
"Eloi, Lama sabacthani?"

Tho' death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
And mocking say, "come save the land,"
"Come try yourself to free."
A soldier pierc'd him when he di'd,
Then healing streams came from his side:
And thus my Lord was crucified.
Stern justice then was satisfi'd,
Sinners, for you and me.

6 Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud Hosanna's tell;
Tho' he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster Death in chains,
Ye seraphs raise your loudest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquer'd Death and Hell.

7 'Tis done, the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made,
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood;
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And heighth and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be given;
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion sing, his grace abounds,
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heav'n.

III.

The Mourner's consolation.

1 DARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way;
Yet, beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lies the field of endless day:
Fiends, loud howling in the desert,
Through which pilgrims have to go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 Say, young soldiers, are you weary,
Of the troubles in the way?
Does your hearts begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He, who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He, whose thunder shakes Creation,
He, who bids the planets roll,

He, who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Around him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are ever hovering round you,
Till you reach fair Canaan's land.

IV.

1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

V.

The Glory of Jesus.

1 BURST ye em'rald gates and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the exstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elisian;
Lo we lift our ravish'd eyes,
Break ye intervening skies;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Open the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with divine delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angels trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark the thrilling symphonies.
Seem, methinks, to seize us—
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!!

Sweetest sound in Seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue;
Sweetest coral ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus, flow along.

VI.

Lo, He cometh.

1 LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow, to raise the sleeping dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted head.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierc'd him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 "Come ye blessed of my Father,
"Enter into life and joy;
"Banish all your fears and sorrows,
"Endless praise be your employ."

Hallelujah,
Welcome; welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the king;
There with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing.
Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

VII.

Welcome Cross.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds,
Of afflictions pain and toil;
These spring up and choak the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials brings new life to pray'r,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;

Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away:
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight:
But the true born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

VIII.

Glorying in the Cross of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee,
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be asham'd of noon,
'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No—when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;

No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

IX.

Wrestling Jacob.

1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle, till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:

Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal,
Thy new unutterable name;
O tell me, I beseech thee, tell,
To know it now, resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though ev'ry sinew were unstrung,
Out my arms thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength doth fail,
I shall with thee, God-man prevail.

7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand and will not let thee go,
'Till It hy name, thy nature know.

X.

Second Part.—Wrestling Jacob.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self despair!
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love.

2 'Tis love, 'tis love! thou diedst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal love thou art:
To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

4 I know thee Saviour who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

5 The sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in his wings;

Wither'd my nature's strength from thee,
My soul its life and succour brings:
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh,
I halt 'till life's short journey ends;
All helplessness, all weakness, I,
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor will I ever from thee move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

7 Lame as I am I take the prey,
Hell earth and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding heart fly home:
Through all eternity, to prove,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

XI.

The Saving Request.

1 OH! give me Lord my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn!
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountains height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
O, that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand, and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,
And never from the cross return;

I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

4 I'd hang around the cross, and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die;
O let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 Father of mercy do not frown,
But give me mercy in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O save me from a gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O might I enter, now I'm come!
Lord Jesus! save, or I'm undone.

XII. C. M.

Coronation, Cant. 3. 11.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

[2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.]

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixt this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

8 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

[9 'O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.']

XIII. C. M.

Crown Him, Acts x. 36.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;

Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown him Lord of all.

2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall:
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
O, crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with your words, approach his throne
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan,
O, crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Altho' your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt,
Then crown him Lord of all.

XIV. C. M.

Crown Him. Rev. v. 13.

1 INSPIRE our souls, thou heav'nly Dove,
On thee we humbly call;
Come, warm our hearts with Jesu's love,
To own him Lord of all.

2 The saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall:
In concert join with notes divine,
To praise him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, who now in him believe,
Whose crimes are bitter gall,

Pardon and grace from him receïve,
And bless him Lord of all.

The day arrives when ev'ry voice
On this terrestrial ball,
Aloud shall sing, exult, rejoice,
To hail him Lord of all.

All heav'n, in one admiring throng,
Before him prostrate fall;
And join in sweet seraphic song,
To crown him Lord of all.

XV. L. M.

Look again, Jonah ii. 4.

1 SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside:
And Jonah-like has fled from thee,
'Till thou hast look'd again on me.

3 Ah! bring a wretched wand'rer home!
And to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

4 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy?
Do thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?
And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

5 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

6 That wish'd for period soon will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home,
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

XVI.

Lot's Wife, Luke xvii. 32.

1 YE careless professors, who rest on your lees,
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and ease;
Now God says, "Arise, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you; Remember Lot's wife."

2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe:
While dangers are pending, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
And tell you no dangers are found in the way;

He means to deceive you, escape for your life.
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd,
With specious temptations how many defil'd;
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you, Remember Lot's wife.

But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to chuse;
For hell you must part with the blessing of life,
And then, if not now, you'll Remember Lot's wife.

XVII. C. M.

Remember me, Neh. xiii. 31.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Whene'er on my poor burthen'd heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
To shake my faith in thee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I cannot see;
Then, Lord, arise, with glorious light,
And still remember me.

5 If on thy face for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own thy just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

[7 'When heav'ns celestial gates give way,
My soul shall fly to thee;
To tell in realms of endless day
Thou hast remember'd me.']

XVIII. L. M.

Address to Sinners, Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?

Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate?
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plans,
Behold, the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold!

XIX.

Trust in the Lord.

YE tempted and try'd, to Jesus draw nigh,
He suffer'd and dy'd your wants to supply;
Trust him for salvation, you need not to grieve,
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

By day and by night his love is made known,
It is his delight to succour his own;
He will have compassion, then why should you grieve:
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

Tho' satan will seek the sheep to annoy;
The helpless and weak he ne'er shall destroy;

Christ is their salvation, and strength he wi
give,
There's no condemnation to them that be
lieve.

XX.

World's Farewell, Job. vii. 16.

1 FAREWEL, vain world, your charms I bi
adieu,
My Saviour taught me to abandon you;
Your smiles may gratify a carnal mind,
But not a soul for heav'nly joys design'd.

2 Forbear t' entice, cease now my soul to cal
'Tis fixt thro' grace, my God shall be my all
While thus my soul does heav'nly glorie
view,
Your beauties fade, my heart's no room fo
you.

[3 Earth can no comfort to my soul afford,
While I possess my Saviour and my Lord;
He, my dear God, shall freely have my heart
Nor shall he evermore from thence depart.]

XXI. L. M.

Know him, Phil. iii. 10.

1 'TIS life to know the dying Lamb;
Eternal life is in his name;
O may I in this knowledge grow;
And daily more of Jesus know!

Know him to wash me in his blood ;
Know him to make my peace with God ;
Know him for strength and righteousness ;
And know him for renewing grace.

Know him as my exceeding joy,
Know him my praises to employ ;
Know him as all my heart can wish ;
And know him for eternal bliss !

XXII.

King, Rev. xv. 3.

LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
  Each creature sing ;
Angels—begin the song,
Mortals—the strain prolong
In accents sweet and strong ;
  " Jesus is king."

Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame ;
  What wonders done ;
Shout thro' hell's dark profound ;
Let the whole earth resound ;
'Till the high heav'ns rebound ;
  " The vict'ry's won."

He vanquish'd sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell ;
  Mourners rejoice !

His dying love adore,
Praise him now rais'd in pow'r,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When thro' the heav'nly way
Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierc'd him wail,
His promise shall not fail,
Saints, see your king prevail;
Come, dear Lord, come!

XXIII. C. M.

Lamb of God, John i. 29.

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heav'n he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode;
To ransom us himself he gave;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruin'd race
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 Sinner's, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word;

The chief of sinners need not fear ;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 Backsliders too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;
Arise, return from grievous falls ;
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 In ev'ry state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesu's blood,
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

7 Spirit of Grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may with thy saints on high
Behold the Lamb of God.

XXIV.

Lamb, Rev. v. 12.

1 GLORY to God on high :
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And sing for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :

We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 What tho' we change our place?
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious king,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

XXV. L. M.

Loving-Kindness, Isaiah, lxiii. 7. Psalm lxiii. 3

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not,

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

XXVI.

Melchisedec. Gen. xiv. 13, 19. Heb. vii. 17.

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!

King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease !

2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine !
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

3 Hail ! Melchisedec divine !
Tho' great High-priest, shalt be mine ;
All my pow'rs before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all.

XXVII. C. M.

Pearl of great Price, Matt. xiii. 46.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price ;
My heart exults for joy ;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
O what a Christ have I !

2 Christ is my father and my friend,
My brother and my love ;
My head, my hope, my counseller,
My advocate above.

3 My Christ he is the heav'n of heav'n ;
My Christ what shall I call ?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

XXVIII. C. M.

Physician, Matt. iv. 24.

1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day,
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since thou delightest still to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat!
With pitying eye, behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands
To thee in humble pray'r.

6 Silent, alas! thou know'st how long
My voice I cannot raise;

But O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

II. PART.

1 Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

2 Now speak my mind, my conscience sound
And then my strength employ;
Like as the hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

3 I thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
"Thou Son of David, hear."

4 See, I am waiting in thy way,
For the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner receive thy sight."

5 Cast out thy foes, and let them still,
To thy great name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,
Thou wilt release my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

XXIX. C. M.

Physician, Mark v. 25—34.

YE sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears,
The halt, the lame, the blind:
Come touch the garment Jesus wears,
Your healing there you'll find.

2 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,
And sad beyond degree:
Yet in this garment Jesus wears,
There's healing still for thee.

3 Come stretch the wither'd hand to day,
For Christ is passing by;
Your case admits of no delay,
Unless ye touch ye die.

4 One touch of this celestial robe,
Speaks pardon to the soul;
When sins more pond'rous than the globe
Across the conscience roll.

5 Through ev'ry crowd to Jesus press
When sin torments the mind;
Peace, pard'ning blood, and righteousness
In his dear name you'll find.

XXX. C. M.

Physician, or the Leper healed, Matt. viii. 2,

1 JESUS, my dreadful leprosy
Oppresses me with grief;
Here at thy feet I prostrate fall
For pity and relief.

2 I am unholy and unclean,
Apply thy grace to me;
For thou art able, if thou wilt,
To heal my leprosy.

3 Compassions move his tender heart,
And, with a gracious word,
He speaks, "I will,"—and with a touch
the leprous Jew restor'd.

4 Ye leprous souls, to Jesus come,
With sin, a worse disease:
'Tis he can heal your maladies,
And give your conscience ease.

He can, by his almighty grace,
Heal each poor lep'rous soul;
Come, guilty, filthy, as you are,
And he will make you whole.

XXXI.

Pilot, Luke viii. 22.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

What tho' the seas are broad?
What tho' the waves are strong?
What tho' tempestuous storms
Distress me all along?
Yet what are seas and stormy wind,
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend?]

Christ is my pilot wise;
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie,

Yet Christ shall safely keep,
And guide me with his eye :
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up !

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast !
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside ;
Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heav'n, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind !

XXXII. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, Job xix.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !

He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever living head!

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.]

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my souls complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my prophet, priest, and king.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me savely there.

8 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

XXXIII. S. M.

I am the Rose of Sharon, Cant. ii. 1.

1 IN Sharon's lovely Rose,
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet, refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

2 How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely Rose for ever wear,
And be supremely blest!

XXXIV. C. M.

Good Shepherd, John x. 11.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 Vain the attempt, what tongue can speak
A subject so divine!
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine.

Love that could bring thy willing feet,
From that blest world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!

My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief opprest:
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

Nay, should I walk thro' death's dark vale,
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

Lead on, dear Shepherd: led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

XXXV. L. M.

Sun of Righteousness, Mal. iv. 2.

GREAT Sun of righteousness, arise,
And chase the darkness from mine eyes;

Now let thy beams of glory shine,
And fill my soul with light divine.

2 While in this world of sin I dwell,
Defend me from the pow'rs of hell;
Be thou a sun and shield to me,
'Till I shall dwell, my God, with thee.

XXXVI. L. M.

Treasure, Prov. xxi. 20.

1 JESUS is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant:
Let others after earth aspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

2 Possess'd of him I wish no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
To praise him all my pow'rs conspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

3 If he his smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside;
Distrest, I after him inquire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

[4 And while my heart is rack'd with pain,
Jesus appears and smiles again;
Why should my Saviour thus retire?
Christ is the treasure I desire.]

Come, humble souls, and view his charms;
Take refuge in his saving arms;
And sing, while you his worth admire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

XXXVII. L. M.

Good old way, Jer. vi. 16.

1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin and peace of mind;
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus is the way to God.
O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too
Pursu'd this path while here below:
Then let not fear your soul dismay,
But come to Christ the good old way.

4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere;
Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

XXXVIII. L. M.

Wisdom, Prov. viii. 19.

1 WISDOM divine lifts up her voice;
Sinners, attend! ye saints, rejoice!

Thus saith our condescending Lord ;
(O ! may we hear his gracious word.)

2 " Riches and honour both are mine ;
" I am the tree of life divine !
" My excellence can ne'er be told ;
" My fruits are better far than gold !

3 " The finest gold cannot compare
" With riches that my children share ;
" All blessings do in me abound
" For those who have true wisdom found.

4 " Here peace and pardon richly flow ;
" Here fruits immortal ever grow ;
" Here pleasure sweetens all the road,
" And safely leads us home to God !

5 " Here's blood to wash away our sin,
" And make the most poliuted clean !
" Here is a robe by Jesus wrought,
" And as a gift to sinners brought.

6 " Come, sinners, then, to Christ apply ;
" Come without money, come and buy ;
" Fair wisdom's dictates now receive,
" And in the Son of God believe."

7 Dear Lord, do thou our hearts incline
To seek for riches so divine ;
Nor let us e'er contented be,
'Till we possess our all in thee.

XXXIX. L. M.

A propitious Gale longed for.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "sweet Spirit come!
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below;
"But I can only spread my sail;
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!"

XL. L. M.

Imploring the return of God the Spirit, 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 For ever shall my fainting soul,
O God, thy just displeasure mourn;
Thy grieved Spirit long withdrawn,
Will he no more to me return!

2 Once I enjoy'd, O happy time!
The heart-felt visits of his grace;
Nor can a thousand varying scenes
The sweet remembrance quite efface!

[3 Beneath his warming quick'ning beams
This icy rock dissolv'd away,
New life diffus'd through all my pow'rs,
And darkness yielded to the day.]

4 When justice wav'd his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul opprest,
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whisper'd pardon to my breast.

[5 Cheer'd with these dawning rays of hope
He wing'd me to the throne of grace,
With tears and groans and wrestling pray'rs
To seek my heav'nly Father's face.]

6 Important Guest! thrice happy soul,
While honour'd with his blest abode;
But, ah! my sins, accursed things,
Ye griev'd, ye chas'd away my God.

7 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess this longing heart
With all the graces of thy train.

8 This temple, hallow'd by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew display'd,
And this thy everlasting rest.

XLI. L. M.

Affliction, Psalm lxxxviii.

1 O LORD, my life, my Saviour God,
Hear, while I spread my woes abroad,

While day and night my mournful cries,
Before thy throne incessant rise.

2 Let thy indulgent, pitying ear,
Incline to my distressful pray'r;
With pain and grief my heart o'erflows,
And o'er me soon the grave will close.

3 My strength is lost, my life resign'd,
Among the dead my place assign'd;
Cut off from life, from hope I lie,
Scarce are the slain more lost than I.

4 Low in the grave my hopes are laid,
And darkness spreads its deepest shade;
Thy dreadful wrath afflicts my soul,
Like whelming waves thy terrors roll.

[5 Far from these wretched eyes remov'd,
Are all the friends whom once I lov'd;
They fly my sorrows, while I moan,
Confin'd, unpity'd, and alone.]

6 In vain to ease my hopeless woe,
The streaming tears incessant flow;
To thee, O Lord, I breathe my cries,
And stretch my hands and lift my eyes.

XLII.

Sweet Affliction, 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11—13.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,

Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is giv'n;
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heav'n;
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.

3 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

4 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those who know not Christ, tney frighten;
But my soul defies their pow'r:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands;
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
"Nought shall pluck thee from my hands:
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry word my love demands.

All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heav'nly joy,
Where, tho' trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy;
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry promise gives me joy.

Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought me to his feet.

XLIII. L. M.

Agur's Prayer, Prov. xxx. 7—9.

1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire;
" My God, two favours I require;
" In neither my request deny,
" Vouchsafe them both before I die:

2 " Far from my heart and tents exclude
" Those enemies to all that's good;—
" Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
" And falsehood's pestilential breath.

3 " Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
" Below the dome, above the cot,
" Let me my life unanxious lead;
" And know not luxury nor need."

4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own:
O may thy heav'nly blessing crown
Our pittance,—'till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

5 But shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!

6 Or should we feel the pains of want,
Submission, resignation grant;
'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

XLIV. L. M.

Ministry of Angels, Ps. xci. 11.

1 SEE, Gabriel swift descend to earth,
Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth;
Hark! a full choir of angels sing,
The new-born Saviour, and the king.

2 Behold these swift wing'd envoys wait
On Jesus in his humble state;
The desert and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.

[3 But who their mighty joys can tell,
When Jesus vanquish'd death and hell?
They saw the glorious conq'ror rise,
And fill'd his friends with sweet surprise.]

4 They saw the conq'ror mount on high
To glorious worlds beyond the sky;
Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right-hand.

5 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employ'd in messages of love;
On saints below they cheerful wait
Nor think the work beneath their state.

6 Jesus, my Lord, my living friend,
May these thy servants me attend
Thro' life; and when I quit this clay,
Safe to thine arms my soul convey.

XLV. L. M.

Anger, Eccl. vii. 9.

1 DARE we indulge our wrath and strife,
And yet assume the Christian name?
Give our wild passions sway; then call
Ourselves the follow'rs of the Lamb?

2 He was all gentle, meek, and mild,
Full of benevolence and love;
Nor could the rage of num'rous foes
Aught but his soft compassion move.

3 Not all their scoffs, nor the sharp pangs
Of crucifixion could inspire
Within his breast one vengeful thought,
Or one tumultuous passion fire.

4 But we, alas! how soon the storms
Impetuous in our bosoms swell;
What stores of fuel in our breasts
To feed those raging fires of hell.

5 Spirit of grace, do thou descend,
Envy and wrath, and clamour chase;
With thy mild influence quench these fires,
And hush the stormy winds to peace!

XLVI.

Assurance, Jerm. xxxi. 3.

1 JESUS I know hath died for me,
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast!
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,—
Mercy is all that's written there.

2 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
And ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father—thy mercy never dies.

3 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love!

XLVII.

Atonement, Rom. iii. 25.

1 O THOU, that hear'st the pray'r of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:

Unclog'd by earth or earthly things
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings
To everlasting day.

XLVIII.

Atonement, Rom. v. 6—11.

1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our guilt,
Nothing else from sin release us,
Nothing else the heart can melt.

2 Law and terrors do but harden,
While they operate alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

[3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sov'reign good!
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
Come to us through thy rich blood.]

XLIX.

Backslider's Return, Psalm li. 10—19.

1 CREATE, O God, my pow'rs anew,
Make my whole heart sincere and true;
O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor let thy soul-enliv'ning ray
Still cease to shine.

2 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
Those heav'nly joys that once were mine;
Let thy good Spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee,
Thou God of love.

3 Then will I teach thy sacred ways;
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
'Till sinners leave the dang'rous road,
Forsake their sins, and turn to God,
With hearts sincere.

4 O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain;
Remove the blood polluted stain;
Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, the boundless grace
That flows from thee.

[5 Since, my dear Saviour, grace is thine;
On Zion's hill let mercy shine;
Glad off'rings then prepar'd shall be,
And each oblation rise to thee
In flames of love.]

L. L. M.

Prayer for a blessing in Baptism.

1 COME, holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water, now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

LI. C. M.

Infants given to God in Baptism, Acts ii. 39.

1 Since thou art pleas'd thy saints to own,
Dear Lord their children bless;
This institution do thou crown,
With tokens of thy grace.

2 Jesus, we raise our souls to thee,
Thy pow'rful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

3 O let the unction on *him* rest!
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast,
Thy name and nature too.

4 If thou shouldst quickly end *his* days,
His place with thee prepare;
Or if thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still thy care.

5 Thy faithful servant may *he* prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

LII. C. M.

Infants given up to God in Baptism.

1 We now, O thou eternal God,
Thine ancient truths embrace;
And bring our infant offspring near,
And humbly seek thy face.

2 May they be thine, for ever thine,
Thy ransom'd, purchas'd seed;
O let this seal of sprinkling now
Be own'd of thee indeed.

3 Here, parents, with thanksgiving view
Your right in what you've done;
Let songs of honour sound aloud
To the great Three in One.

LIII. C. M.

Infant Baptism, Luke xviii. 16.

1 BEHOLD what matchless tender love
Doth Christ to babes display!
He bids each parent bring them near,
Nor turns the least away.

2 The parent's hearts, with transport fill'd,
Give up their babes to him;
He clasps them in his tender arms,
Tho' born in guilt and sin.

3 See how the Saviour looks around,
With smiles upon his face,
And says his kingdom is of such,
By free and sov'reign grace.

4 "Forbid them not," is his command;
Then why should we resist?
O let your babes be now baptiz'd,
Heav'n will of such consist.

5 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We bring them here to thee,
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

LIV. C. M.

Infant Baptism, Mark x. 14.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays:
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our fore-fathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

" Permit them to approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
" For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
" The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God ;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him in thy blood.

' Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come ;
And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.']

LV. C. M.

Infants given to God in Baptism, Mark x. 14.

THE Saviour, with inviting voice,
Says " let your children come,
" For them there's love within my breast,
" And in my kingdom room."

As Israel's seed we would embrace
The privilege thus giv'n :
And own them fit to be baptiz'd,
Since God takes such to heav'n.

3 Lord, at thy call we bring our babes,
And give them up to thee;
Ye angels, and ye men, behold,
And now our witness be.

3 Now our dear offspring are baptiz'd
According to his word;
As Abraham his did circumcise,
Obedient to the Lord.

[5 This water sprinkled on the child,
Does a rich emblem shew
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace
To form the heart anew.]

LVI. S. M.

Infants given to God in Baptism, Isa. lxv. 2.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good spirit from above,
And make *these children* thine.

LVII. L. M.

issionary, or Household Baptism, Acts xvi. 15. 33. 34.

GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy great injunctions to obey,
Let saints and angels hail the day.

Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things thy grace for us has done;
Constrain'd by thine eternal love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

From heathen darkness we are brought
To be baptiz'd! how sweet the thought!
Lord, let this ordinance in view
Be sweet and animating too.

Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
And thy rich grace and love proclaim;
Bought with thy blood we humbly come,
And yield our all to thee alone.

What joy, dear Lord, our spirits feel,
When households join to do thy will;
May thousands more applaud thy cause,
And venerate thy holy laws.

LVIII. C. M.

Eunuch Baptized, Acts, viii. 26—40.

THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy;

And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

2 "Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
"Of whom I lately read?
"Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
"Was number'd with the dead?

3 "Is he, who, bursting from the grave,
"Now reigns above the sky,
"My advocate before the throne,
"My portion when I die?

4 "Have I profess'd his holy name?
"Do I his gospel bear
"To Ethiopia's scorched lands?
"And shall I spread it there?

5 "I'll tell them of that precious blood
"Which cancels ev'ry sin,
"And of that renovating grace,
"Which makes the conscience clean."

6 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy,
Help us to keep in view;
The same our works to spread thy fame,
And ours the pleasure too.

LIX. C. M.

Bartimeus' Prayer, Mark x. 46—50.

1 LIKE Bartimeus we are blind,
Enwrapt in nature's night;

The grossest darkness veils our mind,
For sin prevents the sight.

But lo! the Lord from heav'n is come,
To open sinners' eyes;
To make his wondrous mercy known,
And heal their maladies.

Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,
And in the Lord believe;
For who can tell? perhaps to-day,
You may your sight receive.

Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by,
He is the sinner's friend;
Call on his name, and wait and cry,
He will your suit attend.

Should sinners say, "hold ye your peace,
"Nor dare to make so free,"
The louder cry, and never cease,
Have mercy, Lord, on me."

Your worthless garments leave behind;
Go to the Lord of light;
Trust in his name, however blind,
And he will give you sight.

LX.

The Beggar, Matt. vii. 7, 8.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,

Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

4 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

LXI. L. M.

Bethesda's Pool, John v. 2—4.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?

When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me ?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin ;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou Cov'nant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown ;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou knowst I would be whole ;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

LXII. S. M.

Bethesda's Pool, John v. 2—4.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove !

3 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O, would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

[5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not so much as I?

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.]

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No—he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

LXIII. C. M.

Excellency of the Bible, Ps. cxix. 97.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a sweet repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!

6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

LXIV.

Precious Bible, Psalm xix. 10.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food or med'cine, shield or sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

LXV. S. M.

Grace, Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!

Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

[3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

LXVI. L. M.

I will in no wise cast out, John vi. 37.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come, trembling soul dispel thy fear:
He saith, and who his word can doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out!

2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you Christ will cast away;
It is a truth, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

4 The Publican and dying Thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

[6 'Lord at thy call, behold I come,
A guilty soul, lost and undone;
On thy rich blood I now rely,
O pass my vile transgressions by.']

LXVII. L. M.

He hath done all things well, Mark vii. 37.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess;
His wisdom all his works express:
But O his love, what tongue can tell?
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free
Has been his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

I spurn'd his gr ace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
To save me tho' I did rebel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which do all praise excel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Whene'er my Saviour and my God
Has on me laid his gentle rod,
I know in all that has befel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Tho' oft a fiery, flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

[8 Sometimes my Lord his face does hide,
To make me pray, or kill my pride;

Yet then it on my mind does dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.]

9 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

10 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

LXVIII.

The Prisoner's Hymn.

1 JESUS, on whom the Spirit came
Like a descending dove,
Thou art a purifying flame,
Thou art the God of love.

2 Anointed Son of David, preach
Good-tidings to the meek,
And broken-hearted sinners teach
The oil of joy to seek.

3 Bid mourning captives all be free
From ev'ry galling chain;
And give each pris'ner liberty
From Sin's accursed reign.

4, Th' accepted time, the day of grace,
Let mercy long proclaim,
And warning vengeance clearly trace
The path to endless shame.

5 To those who mourn in heaviness,
For ashes, beauty bring;
That cloth'd in Christ's own righteousness,
Each saved soul may sing:

6 " Pris'ners of hope, lo! Zion's King
" From sin has made us free;
" Then let the heavenly arches ring
With Christian liberty."

7 How chang'd the pardon'd convicts' state
Who from Death's dungeon rise!
The brightest crowns of glory wait
Their ascent to the skies.

E. S. ELY.

LXIX.

We should live for Eternity.

1 THO' but a moment be our life,
And fill'd with sorrows cares and strife;
Yet, in this very moment we,
Are sowing for Eternity!

2 I, in this transitory hour,
My future lot am making sure;

And framing while the minutes flow,
My endless state, of bliss or woe.

3 The very words that now I speak,
And words of which I actions make,
Shall, tho' they here may seem to die,
All spring up to Eternity.

4 According as below I move,
So shall my portion be above;
And as I may be, fool or wise,
My name forever fall or rise.

5 Can then the thoughtless world at large
The saints with too much strictness charge?
Or them upbraid as too precise,
Because they shun the name of vice?

6 O! have we not momentous need
To lead a life exact indeed,
When all our works beneath the sun
Can never, never be undone?

7 For, all the sins that we commit
Are in the eternal records writ;
The lines that now we draw must be
Parallel with Eternity.

8 And as on earth our life we pass,
In this short moment's fleeting space:
So must our precious souls on high,
Forever, either live or die!

O Lord, my Saviour and my Friend;
On grace alone I would depend;
May I this life below improve,
So as to gain the life above;

10 May all my acts be so upright,
May I so walk by truth's clear light,
To turn this moment of distress
Into Eternity of bliss. G. B.

LXX. P. M.

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And loose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet,
O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful Hosanna's, unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

2 How damp was the vapours that fell on his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;

The Angels astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their master with solemn delight.

Come Saints and adore him, &c.

3 O ! garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme most transporting, to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet,
O ! give him the glory, the praise that is mete ;
Let joyful Hosanna's, unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

LXXI.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.

1 DOST thou request a feeble worm,
To touch the sky, t' arrest the storm,
The mountains to remove :
Dost thou command what cannot be,
That thine apostate creature, thee,
I should entirely love ?

Have I ability t' obey,
Why should I then one moment stay?
Compell'd, alas! I own,
Forc'd by ten thousand efforts vain,
There is no pow'r in fallen man,
To love a God unknown.

3 The pow'r must then from thee proceed,
If thee I even love indeed;
The thing thy laws enjoin,
Thy spirit must in me fulfil,
Who ask, according to thy will,
The precious grace divine.

4 If all who *will* receive it, *may*,
I humbly for the blessing pray,
To poorest beggars given:
With strength of infinite desire
I nothing but thy love require,
Of all in earth or heav'n.

5 What shall I say my suit to gain?
Father, regard that heav'nly Man,
Who groan'd on Calvary!
Who paid my ransom on the cross,
Who ever lives to plead my cause,
And asks thy love for me.

6 In honour of th' incarnate God,
The gift he purchas'd with his blood,
Father, on me bestow!

That loving thee with all my heart,
And thus made ready to depart,
I to thy arms may go.

LXXII.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there i
none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I th
Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel wil
not forsake them. Isaiah xli. 17.

1 POOR needy souls athirst and faint,
Who gasp for my redeeming love,
I will supply their spirit's want,
When blindly after me they rove;

When in the barren wilderness,
Water they seek with fruitless care,
Seek in the channels of my grace;
Yet not one cooling drop is there.

Attentive to their feeblest cry,
When fails for thirst their cleaving tongue,
I mark them with a pitying eye,
I hear their silence ask, "how long?"

The Lord of hosts, the God of grace,
I never will my people leave,
But present in their last distress,
The long-expected blessing give.

LXXIII.

bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. Isa. lxii. 3.

THOU wilt not crush the poor and weak,
  Thy tender heart can never bear
A reed already bruis'd to break,
  To plunge the fearful in despair;
Or aggravate a sinner's load,
Or quench his faintest spark of good.

Rather thy loving spirit divine
  Shall raise the smoke into a flame;
Support this trembling soul of mine,
  Till strong I out of weakness am,
And as a spreading cedar rise,
Meet for the garden of the skies.

Bear with me then, most patient Lord,
  (This smoking flax, this bruised reed)
Accomplishing thy faithful word,
  The heavenly light, the hidden seed,
Bring forth throughout my life to shine,
And prove thy righteousness divine.

LXXIV.

For the Church.

HEAD of thy Church, attend
  Our long-continued pray'r,

And our Jerusalem defend;
And in thy bosom bear,
The sheep of Jesu's fold,
Mark'd with their Shepherd's sign,
Bought with a price, redeem'd of old,
And wash'd in blood divine.

2 Call'd out of Babylon,
At thy command we came,
Our ancestors their lives laid down,
And triumph'd in the flame:
The Church's seed arose
Out of the martyr's blood,
And saw their antichristian foes
Before thy cross subdu'd.

3 Again thy Spirit of grace
Doth with our Israel strive,
And ev'n in our degen'rate days
His ancient work revive:
Ten thousand witnesses
Stand forth on ev'ry side,
And bold in life and death confess
Jehovah crucifi'd.

4 O that the faithful seed
Might never, never fail,
Victorious, through their conqu'ring Head
O'er all the powers of hell!
Still with thy people stay,
By Jesu's Church ador'd,
Till ev'ry Island flee away
Before our glorious Lord.

LXXV. C. M.

Condescension of God, 1 Kings viii. 27.

ΓERNAL pow'r, almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
ccessless light is thine abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

efore the radience of thine eye,
The heav'ns no longer shine;
nd all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

reat God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
o this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

But O! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near!
mazing and transporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here!]

ow strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
ot all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

Vhile golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
reat God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

LXXVI. L. M.

Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

1 YE humble souls, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty fre
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their cours
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' the air let rocks be hurl'd
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.

5 Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

LXXVII. C. M.

Goodness of God, Jer. xxxi. 12.

HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
. spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

un, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray;
ove draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

hy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
Vith joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields,

ut chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
here, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

ardon, acceptance, peace and joy,
Thro' Jesu's name are giv'n,
e on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

LXXVIII. L. M.

Holiness, Justice & Mercy united, Ps. lxxxv.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heav'ns supreme should stoop so low
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin with all its guilt erace?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plain!
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ harmoniously they meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

ith grateful songs, then let our souls
rround our gracious Father's throne;
nd all between the distant poles
is truth and mercy ever own.

LXXIX. C. M.

Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

OLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
hrice holy Lord, the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing!

leav'n's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
Are mean and look but dim!
he fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.

oly is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
ut sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

he deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
ift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

LXXX. C. M.

Immutability of God, Psalm cii. 25—28.

1 THRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

5 Thy children's children still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

LXXXI. C. M.

Love of God, 1 John iv. 8.

OME ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
t ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

his precious truth, his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
sus, the gift of gifts appears,
To shew that, God is love.

hold! his patience lengthen'd out,
To those who from him rove;
nd calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

And O that you, whose harden'd hearts,
No fears of hell can move;
ay hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love.]

housands, once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above;
he grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
To sing, that God is love.

may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
ill warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

LXXXII.

The Beggar and the Divine.

IN some good books one reads of a divi
Whose memorable case deserves a line;
Who, to serve God the best and shortest v
Pray'd for eight years together ev'ry day,
That in the midst of Doctrines and of Ru
However taught, and practis'd by the Schc
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a man
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious pl:

He was himself a *Doctor*, and well read
In all the Points to which divines were bre
Nevertheless he thought, that what concer
The most illiterate, as well as learn'd,
To know and practise must be something s
More independent on such kind of skill:
True Christian worship had, within its roo
Some simpler Secret, clear of all dispute;
Which, by a living proof that he might kn
He pray'd for some Practioner to show.

One day, possess'd with an intense conce
About the lesson which he sought to learn,
He heard a voice that sounded in his ears—
"Thou hast been praying for a man eight y
Go to the porch of yonder Church, and fin
A man prepar'd according to thy mind."
Away he went to th' appointed ground;
When, at the entrance of the Church, he fc

)or old Beggar, with his feet full sore,
not worth two-pence all the cloaths he
wore.
ris'd to see an object so forlorn—
friend said he I wish thee a good morn,—
ank thee, repli'd the beggar, but a bad
n't remember that I ever had."—

re he mistakes, the Doctor thought, the
phrase—
rtune good, befal thee all thy days!
e, said the Beggar, many days befal,
none of them unfortunate at all."—
bless thee! answer plainly I request—
hy plainly, then I never was unblest."—
er? Thou speakest in a mystic strain,
ch more at large I wish thee to explain.—

With all my heart.—Thou first didst con-
descend
ish me kindly a good morning, Friend;
I repli'd, that I remember'd not
d one ever to have been my lot:
let the morning turn out how it will,
ise my God for ev'ry new one still.
am pinch'd with hunger or with cold,
es not make me to let go my hold;
God I praise—Hail, rain or snow, I take
blessed cordial, which has pow'r to make
foulest morning to my thinking, fair;
cold and hunger yield to praise and pray'r.

Men pity me as wretched, or despise ;
But whilst I hold this noble exercise,
It cheers my heart, to such a due degree,
That ev'ry morning still is good to me.
" Thou didst moreover, wish me lucky day
And I by reason of continual praise,
Said that I had none else; for come what w
On any day, I knew it must be good,
Because God sent it ; sweet, or bitter, joy,
Or grief, by this angelical employ,
Of praising him, my heart was at its rest,
And took whatever happen'd for the best ;
So that by sweet Experience I can say
I never knew of any unlucky day."

" Then didst thou pray—God bless the
and I said,
I never was unblest; for being led,
By the good Spirit of imparted Grace,
To praise his Name, and ever to embrace
His righteons Will, regarding that alone,
With total resignation of my own,
I never could, in such a state as this,
Complain for want of happiness or bliss;
Resolv'd in all things, that the Will divine,
The Source of all true blessing, shoul
mine."

The Doctor, learning from the Beggar's
So great an instance of the pow'r of Grace,
Propos'd a Question, with intent to try

happy Mendicant's direct reply—
hat wouldst thou say, said he, should God
think fit
ast thee down to th' infernal pit?

e cast me down! He send me into hell!
—He loves me, and I love him too well:
put the case he should, I have too arms
t will defend me from all hellish harms;
one humility, the other love;
se I would throw below him, and above.
under his *Humanity* I'd place,
Deity the other should embrace;
h both together I would hold so fast,
t he should *go* wherever he would *cast*.
then whatever thou shalt call the sphere,
l if thou wilt, is heav'n if He be there."

hus was a great Divine, (whom some have
thought
be the justly fam'd *Taulerus*) taught
holy art, for which he us'd to pray,
t to serve God the most compendious way,
s to hold fast a loving, humble mind,
praising Him, and to his Will resign'd.

DR. BYRON.

LXXXIII.

Competency.

Here long I shall not stay,
And therefore need not make

A large provision for the way,
Since home my way I take.

2 Raiment and food will be
Enough till I remove;
Hence every superfluity
Would but a burden prove.

3 Jacob, of staff possest,
Free on his way could go;
But when his flocks and herds increas
His journeyings were but slow.

4 As through the world we glance,
We see the rich are dull,
In virtue lingeringly advance,
And careless of the soul:

5 While, free from luxury,
The poor move easy on;
And joyfully the cheerful way
Of God's commandments run.

6 Unfetter'd by those ties,
That worldlings bind to earth;
Their souls more freely mount the skie
For things of nobler worth.

7 While proper care is given,
To smooth their passage hence;
Their bliss and treasure are in heaven,
And all their comfort thence.

8 Should I then wish for love
More than would me become,
More than would carry me above
To my eternal home?

9 Nay, sure, I'm better off
Than rich in golden store,
If for my journey I've enough,
And not one atom more.

10 Lord, therefore, in thy grace,
Bestow on me, I pray,
Just what will make me mend my pace,
And serve me on my way.

G. B.

LXXXIV.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain,
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I priz'd too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By all that shar'd his daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, see'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

LXXXV.

1 ALMIGHTY God! I humbly kneel,
In penitence before thy throne;

But why should I my thoughts reveal?
My ev'ry thought to thee is known.

If I should strive to shun thine eye,
Thy piercing eye that all surveys,
To what deep cavern should I fly?
Where, hide me from thy searching gaze.

In vain th' attempt to fly from thee,
Or shun the justice of thy wrath!
Whoe'er would from thine anger flee,
Must learn from thee the only path.

Lord, thou in mercy canst forgive,
And bid thy kindling wrath depart;
Bid a repentant sinner live,
And heal and cleanse a sinful heart!

And wilt thou, Lord, thy mercy shew
To me so worthless, grace proclaim:
Oh! let my songs unceasing flow,
And teach me to adore thy name.

LXXXVI.

For Mourners convinced of Backsliding.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me!
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

I have long withstood his grace;
Long provok'd him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,
I, who yet am not in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down,
Let this barren soul alone;"
Jesus speaks and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move:
Justice lingers into love.

4 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare:
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shews his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

5 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon, and accept me now.

6 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recal;
Now the stone to flesh convert:
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my soul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

LXXXVII.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break by Jesu's cross subdued,
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him here,

Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all our sins we part:
Saviour, take my broken heart!

LXXXVIII.

1 EXPIRING in the sinner's place,
Crush'd with the universal load
He hangs!——adown his mournful face,
See trickling fast the tears and blood!
The blood that purges all our stains
It starts in rivers from his veins.

2 A fountain gushes from his side,
Open'd that all may enter in,
That all may feel the death applied,
The death of God, the death of sin.
The death by which our foes are kill'd,
The death by which our souls are heal'd.

LXXXIX.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie,

When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me!

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin,
But I an helpless sin-sick soul
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 In vain I take the broken bread,
I cannot on thy mercy feed:
In vain I drink the hallow'd wine,
I cannot taste the love divine.

4 Angel and Son of God come down,
Thy sacramental banquet crown,
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

5 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st, I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

6 Break to me now the hallow'd bread,
And bid me on thy body feed,
Give me the wine, Almighty God,
And let me drink thy precious blood.

Surely if thou the symbols bless,
The cov'nant blood shall seal my peace,

The flesh e'en now shall be my food,
And all my soul be fill'd with God.

LXL.

1 AND shall I let him go?
If now I do not *feel*
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well?

2 Because he hides his face,
Shall I no longer stay,
But leave the channels of his grace,
And cast the means away?

3 Get thee behind me fiend,
On others try thy skill,
Here let thy hellish whispers end,
To thee I say, *Be still!*

4 Jesus hath spoke the word,
His will my reason is,
Do this in memory of thy Lord,
Jesus hath said, *Do this!*

5 He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine,
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than thine.

6 I cheerfully comply
With what my Lord doth say,
Let others ask a reason why,
My glory is t' obey.

7 His will is good and just:
Shall I his will withstand?
If Jesus bids me lick the dust,
I bow at his command:

8 Because he saith, *Do this*,
This I will always do,
'Till Jesus come in glorious bliss
I *thus* his death will *shew*.

LXLI.

1 FATHER, see the victim slain,
Jesus Christ the just, the good,
Offer'd up for guilty man,
Pouring out his precious blood,
Him, and then the sinner see,
Look thro' Jesu's wounds on me.

2 Me, the sinner most distrest,
Most afflicted and forlorn,
Stranger to a moment's rest,
Ruing that I e'er was born,
Pierc'd with sin's invenom'd dart,
Dying of a broken heart.

3 Dying whom thy hands have made
All thy blessings to receive,
Dying, whom thy Lord hath stay'd,
Whom thy pity would have live,
Dying at my Saviour's side,
Dying for whom Christ hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be?
What doth Jesu's blood reply!
If it doth not plead for me,
Let my soul for ever die;
But if mine through him thou art,
Speak the pardon to my heart.

LXLII.

1 FATHER, if thou willing be,
Then my griefs awhile suspend,
Then remove the cup from me,
Or thy strength'ning angel send;
Would'st thou have me suffer on?
Father, let thy will be done.

2 Let my flesh be troubled still,
Fill'd with pain or sore disease,
Let my wounded Spirit feel
Strong redoubled agonies,
Meekly I my will resign,
Thine be done, and only thine.

Patient as my great high priest
In his bitterness of pain,
Most abandon'd and distrest,
Father, I the cross sustain:
All into thy hands I give,
Let me die or let me live.

Following where my Lord hath led,
Thee I on the cross adore,
Humbly bow like him my head,
All thy benefits restore,
Till my spirit I resign
Breath'd into the hands divine.

XLXIII.

GO, my beloved husband, go,
And loud the gospel trumpet blow,
Proclaim to Adam's fallen race
The riches of redeeming grace.

Warn sinners of their dreadful state,
That they repent e'er its too late,
And point them to a Saviour's blood,
That they may know a pard'ning God.

Exhort believers not to rest
Short of the mind that Christ possess'd,
'Till they are sav'd and cleans'd from sin,
And perfectly renew'd within.

4 See souls regardless of all good,
Rushing with speed the downward road,
And Christians setting on their lees,
Intent on honours, pleasure, ease.

5 Go then, my love, be strong, be bold;
The great reward is yet untold
That waits the faithful sons of God,
On Zion's peaceful blest abode.

6 Its very painful to my heart,
With him I love so oft to part,
And nature drops the silent tear,
But Jesus whispers, I am here.

7 Then whilst his love he doth reveal,
Thro' all my soul a heaven I feel;
Then I can part with all that's dear,
And grace restrains the falling tear.

8 Then let us cheerfully sustain
A few more days of toil and pain,
Till we are call'd with these above,
To sing the wonders of his love.

XLIV.

The Redeemed Soul.

1 BRIGHTER than the solar ray,
Beaming forth meridian day,

ies the Sun of Righteousness,
the soul he deigns to bless.

a world in darkness drear,
ject to the power of fear,
y soul in misery lies,
the Saviour bids it rise.

p involved in guilt and death,
l consumes its noxious breath,
the Holy Spirit's pow'r,
ds a renovating show'r.

n from death and hell it springs,
n redeeming love it sings,
ls new life, delights to praise,
i who sov'reign grace displays.

is my soul in sin was dead;
for me my Saviour bled,
redeem'd my soul when lost;
what precious price it cost!

my own—dear Jesus thine—
my joy O bliss divine!
is to give myself to thee,
u my portion ever be.

n this mortal life shall cease,
n shall I repose in peace;

In my dear Redeemer blest,
I shall rise to heav'nly rest. J.

LXLV.

The Heavenly Traveller.

1 SAY, would an heir that's travelling
To get a rich inheritance,
For meads or gardens leave his road,
Or stop for any threat'ning cloud?

2 My soul, thou art that traveller
Thro' variegated climates here;—
And wilt thou step aside, each hour,
To taste each fruit and crop each flow

3 Wilt thou thy way be leaving still,
To drink of every pleasure's rill?—
What then is the amount indeed?
To lose a manor, for a mead!

4 To part with an eternal crown,
For flowers decay'd as soon as blown
To lose a high, immortal bliss,
For low and fleeting vanities!

5 The way of Zion to forsake,
And one of Sodom's apples take!

eave the bread of life divine,
deadly food of husk and sin!

, e'en suppose, what worst appears,
way shall be a way of tears;
t on thy days dark sorrows scowl,
l clouds and storms assail thy soul:

, here's enough to comfort thee—
ood, kind Father soon thou'lt see,
ll feast thee in his heavenly hall,
l amply make amends for all.

erefore vain world, your lures take back,
deviation will I make;
way to purer comforts lies,
d surer glories in the skies.

ır threat'nings too, I disregard;
ey never shall my feet retard;
trav'ling to my Lord's embrace,
country, home, and happiness. G. B.

LXLVI.

Spiritual Joy and Sorrow.

ARIOUS as is man's lot on earth,
So are the feelings of his heart:

Sadness is mix'd with all his mirth;
While joy, his mourning can impart.

2 Behold the pleasure-loving man,—
His eyes with glee and laughter roll
But, ah! his carnal joys are vain,
For sadness centres in his soul.

3 While lasts the banquet how he'll drink
And shout his ecstacies aloud!—
The reckoning comes—his spirits sink—
His sun sets in a watery cloud.

4 But now, behold yon Penitent:
He's whelm'd in sorrow and in grief;
Yet, while his soul to tears gives vent,
His tears administer relief.

5 A joy to angels they impart:
With balmy solace soothe his soul;
A joy serene they give his heart,
And make his broken spirit whole.

6 The bitterer are his flowing tears,
The sweeter do his comforts flow:
Bright consolation's sun appears,
Cheering this sadden'd house of woe.

7 All who for sin have felt and mourn'd,
And weeping made their souls' emple

ave first earth's joys to sorrow turn'd.
But then all weeping turn'd to joy.

hese pure and sweet and pleasant rills
Of consolation all divine,
pring from the heavenly Zion's hills,
And, mingling, in a river join.

hence, having cheer'd this barren land,
Sweetly refreshing saints below,
eturn again to God's right hand,
Where they in endless joy shall flow.

O may I prize one drop of this
Pure, spiritual, eternal joy,
lore than an ocean of earth's bliss,
Which lures the soul but to destroy.

G. B.

LXLVII.

Self-dedication to Jesus.

'HAT I may youthful follies flee,
nd lead a life of piety,
ly youth I would devote to thee,
Thou ever blessed Jesus!

outhful affections are too cold,
nd would my heart, to Satan sold,
row warmer for thee, when I'm old?
Thou ever loving Jesus!

3 Without delay, I'll now be thine,
To faith and love do thou incline,
And say, O say, that thou art mine,
Thou condescending Jesus!

4 All riper years, should such arrive,
Or should they not, mine that survive,
My dearest friends to thee I'll give,
Thou ever faithful Jesus!

5 In thee, the happiest youthful pair
May find a friend; and anxious care
Can never drive them to despair;
When comforted by Jesus!

6 Should death arrest an infant child,
That smil'd whene'er its parents smil'd,
Thy love would make th' affliction mild,
Thou soul-enriching Jesus!

7 Were I advanc'd to threescore years,
Or should *twice ten* increase my fears,
To think of thee, would dry my tears,
All satisfying Jesus!

8 In youth, in manhood, or in age,
A simple child, or rev'rend sage,
I would thou shouldst my heart engage,
Thou everlasting Jesus!

LXLVIII.

A Farewell Hymn.

KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say farewell,
How, when our swelling souls expand
How will our bosoms swell!

Yes Nature all thy soft delights,
And tender ties we know;
But love, more strong than death unites
To him that bids us go.

Thus when our every passion's mov'd,
The gushing tear drop starts,
The cause of Jesus more belov'd
Shall glow within our hearts.

The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

With the warm wish our passions swell,
May his dear cause extend!
Farewell!—thus we can say farewell!
Our friends and native land.

MRS. SAFFERY.

LXLIX.

A Farewell Hymn.

1 CHILDREN and friends and brothers dear,
How shall I say farewell,
About to part with all things here,
How does my bosom swell.

2 Yes Nature all thy soft delights
And tender ties I've known,
But love more strong than death unites
To him who calls me home.

3 Thus while my every passion's mov'd,
And gushing torrents roll,
The love of Christ my best belov'd,
Supports my sinking soul.

4 The sighs I breathe to see his face
Who bled and died for me,
Might bear me through a thousand death
That lovely face to see.

5 Warm with his love my bosom swells
As death approaches near,
Farewell! now I can say farewell!
My friends and children dear.

C.

1 LET the ethereal skies resound,
The glories of this blessed day;

All men were lost—a Saviour found,
God's gift of mercy to display.

Bless'd be the eternal God who saw,
When man by disobedience fell,
A way to satisfy the law,
And save the soul condemn'd to hell.

What less than heaven's high command,
Could stop the all avenging rod?
Or cause a sinful man to stand,
Before the holy throne of God?

While these events transpire on earth,
Angels and men in wonder gaze;
The nations of the earth come forth,
In admiration, love and praise!

Let ev'ry grateful soul combine,
In praise of grace and mercy given;
Let the celestial spirits join
In praise of means which guide to heav'n.

O triune God! make man to know,
That he who suffers for thy love,
Shall not in sorrow dwell below,
But shall ascend to realms above.

CI.

Contemplation of the Suffering Saviour.

1 "WHY hast thou left me, O my God!"
Thus did my dear Redeemer cry,
When he pour'd out his precious blood,
For guilty rebels, such as I.

2 Shall I his matchless grief behold,
And yet a sinful course pursue!
Thus mock, as did the Jews of old,
And crucify the Lord anew!

3 Shall I behold him bow in death,
His sacred, bleeding, thorn-crown'd hea
And whilst he gives me vital breath,
Insult his human body dead!

4 And by my sins a thousand spears
Uplift, to pierce my Saviour's side!
Whence, what remain'd of sweat and tear
Outflow'd, a mingled, healing tide!

5 Whilst at thy cross I gaze my Lord,
Thy precious death to contemplate,
O may my soul by one kind word,
Encouraged, know her blood-bought sta

6 Whilst for my sins I humbly mourn,
Still may I feel thy blood applied;

And know those sins by thee were borne,
When on the cross for man thou died.

And may the Holy Spirit take
The things of thine and shew to me,
And all my powers from sin awake,
To be employ'd alone for thee.

My dying Saviour—risen Lord;
For thy dear sake my sins forgiv'n,
Thy purifying grace afford,
That I may sing thy praise in heav'n.

CII.

The Risen Saviour.

TO Joseph's tomb ere darkness fled,
T' embalm the sacred body, dead,
Of Jesus, lo, a mourning few
From other cares a while withdrew.

Their grief was mingled with surprise,
When the sepulchre met their eyes;
Thence roll'd they found the pond'rous stone,
And Jesus whom they sought was gone.

They turn'd—but Mary yet withheld
By sorrow, still the tomb beheld;
Bright angels then she saw, who said,
'Seek not the living 'mongst the dead:

4 'He is not here, your heav'nly Lord
Now lives, according to his word.'
Then he who seem'd the gard'ner, came,
And call'd the mourner by her name.

5 Now she his gracious voice knew well,
And at his feet adoring fell;
Whilst in her soul devotion burn'd,
Her tears of grief to joy were turn'd.

6 He loved our fallen race so well,
He died, and spoil'd the pow'rs of hell;
Redeem'd from sin and endless shame,
All who believe and love his name.

7 To shew his sovereign power to save,
He rose triumphant from the grave;
Who laid his life for sinners down,
Had power to take his heav'nly crown.

8 Thus he fulfill'd redemption's plan,
Th' eternal God—the grief-worn man;
He took the ruin'd sinner's place,
Now lives the God of sovereign grace.

9 My soul with sacred joy and praise,
A song divine to Jesus raise;
And join with saints redeem'd above,
To sing the conquests of his love.

CIII.

The tempted Soul's Petition.

MY God—and may I call thee mine?
A helpless sinner, poor and vile?
Thy justice spurns, but love divine
Invites, and mercy beams a smile.

My God—I ask for Jesus' sake,
Thy grace my tempted soul to cheer;
My heart in kind compassion break,
'Tis hard, nor feels when thou art near.

Thou know'st my case, O then apply
That pard'ning, guilt destroying blood,
Which only can my need supply;
And feed my soul with heav'nly food.

Did e'er a sinner ask of thee,
And not obtain a rich award?
Sure is thy word, thy grace is free,
I'll cast my burden on the Lord.

My doubts dispel; at thy command
My fears shall take a rapid flight;
Faith shall enable me to stand,
And conquer though all hell shall fight.

O grant thy presence and thy love,
With bliss divine my heart to fill;
And I will rise, by faith, above
The snares of sin, and praise thee still.

CIV.

Contemplation and Meditation.

1 AS the fleet eagle mounts the skies;
And views the day's bright face;
So contemplation always eyes
The Sun of righteousness;

2 Or, as those birds, whose nests were rear'd
Where God's high altars shone;
So Contemplation, angel-bird,
Build's next to glory's throne.

3 This is the active bee, that flies
Where heavenly Eden blows;
And, from each flower of Paradise,
The richest honey draws.

4 When 'tis with meditation join'd,
The soul is wrapt above;
Converses with th' Eternal Mind,
And leans upon her Love.

5 Thus, may I, from my gracious God,
Sweet consolations taste;
Bathe in pure pleasure's living flood;
Tread the fair paths of rest,

6 Gaze on the blissful realms of light;
The thrones of glory see;

And, raptur'd view the mansions bright
Of my eternity.

Why, then, still in this vale of time,
Do I thus ling'ring stand?
Arise, my soul, the mountain climb,
And view the promis'd Land.

Why to this wild, where troubles spring,
Is such attention given?
Arise, on holy transports wing,
And soaring, fly to Heav'n.

There, where thy happiness abides,
Let all thy thoughts remove;
And where thy ev'ry thought resides,
Be all thy heart and love:

O Thus, tho' on earth thy dwelling is,
Mid sin and misery,
Thy conversation and thy bliss
In heav'n shall ever be. G. B.

CV.

Life—a lingering Death.

OUR being is but dying breath;
Our life is but a vital death:
Soon as we feel th' informing ray,
Death's power begins,—and we decay.

2 The brightest beauties round the skies,
The objects loveliest to our eyes,
From nothing rose,—and soon Time's call
To nothing shall reduce them all.

3 Yon radiant orbs that roll on high,
And countless worlds thro' space that fly,—
By Heav'n's decree shall lose their light,
And sink into primeval night.

4 This earth, man's birth-place and his tomb,
Fast verges to its final doom;
Soon will it's destin'd term expire,
And it be wrapt in funeral fire.

5 And what, by nature is our life?
'Twixt rest and motion but a strife;—
And, tho' we either should befriend,
Either accelerates our end.

6 Our life, until we're call'd by Grace,
Is to the grave-yard but a race;
And, every breath we draw, we come
Nearer and nearer to the tomb.

7 The rich and poor, the high and low,
Soon down to death's dark dwellings go;
Thither must we and all repair,
And find one common level there:

8 There, toils and pains and griefs are o'er;
There, worldly schemes perplex no more;

The victor and the vanquish'd die
Alike, and undistinguish'd lie.

Our life, in truth, does not begin,
Till we begin to live from sin,—
Till we to God ourselves devote,
With every action, word, and thought.

My blest Creator, and my Lord,
Aid me, when I my life record,
To count it—not by length of days,
But by my duties, prayers and praise. G. B.

CVI.

THE heaven's declare Jehovah's praise,
Let earth her incense yield,
For He who clothes the sun with rays,
With verdure clothes the field.

In gay attire the lilies stand,
With ev'ry humble flow'r,
To own their drap'ry from his hand
Who mingles love with pow'r.

He gives each bird a plumy dress
To shield it from the storm;
And to preclude a hare's distress,
A vestment soft, and warm.

From Heav'n's high wardrobe ev'ry lamb
With fleecy wool is drest,

And ev'ry lion with his dam
Receives a sackcloth vest.

5 The tender tribes are finest clad,
And coarser clad the bold,
But Heaven permits not tigers mad
To perish with the cold.

6 When the first pair of human race
Knew exigence by sin,
A sacrifice prefigur'd grace,
And coats were made of skin.

7 He makes the flaxen herbage grow;
He bids the silk-worm spin,
And cotton thrive, in Summer's glow,
To yield us garments thin.

8 In spring, their fleece the flocks divide
With ev'ry northern clan,
To warm mankind, and humble pride
In ev'ry fallen man.

2 To imitate her Maker's love
Good Dorcas was intent,
And when ascending far above
A pattern downward sent.

10 Some females found it, and have made
Like vestments for the poor,
The naked poor of ev'ry grade,
The white child and the moor.

1 In robes of heaven-wrought righteousness
May ev'ry Dorcas shine,
And blest by others, Jesus bless,
For garments all divine.

CVII.

Bethel.

WITH rev'rence and with Godly fear,
In Bethel, Lord, we now appear,
Where weary souls, with guilt oppress,
Have found the God of Jacob's rest.

2 Some monument our hands would rear,
For surely, Jacob's God is here;
Our praise shall signalize this place,
In which our God reveals his grace.

3 To us, who want the seraph's wing,
His angels on faith's ladder bring
Sweet messages; and then ascend
With our best anthems to our Friend.

4 While Jesus sits enthron'd in light,
His children feel the shades of night;
But by communion they shall rise
To mansions garnish'd in the skies.

5 If, Jesus, thou wilt guide our feet,
Wilt give us heavenly food to eat,

And shield us with th' Almighty's wing,
The Lord shall be our God and King.

6 Him will we serve: be witness now,
All heaven, to this our solemn vow;
From other lords we will be free,
And, Saviour, worship only thee.

CVIII.

Creature Comforts unsatisfying.

1 WHY do we search the creatures through,
To gain the sov'reign good?
Why ev'ry flatt'ring object woo?—
All lure but to delude.

2 No objects round this earth, or sky,
Could mortals grasp the whole,
Will ever fill, or satisfy
The cravings of the soul.

3 'Tis God, and God alone, who can
Substantial bliss bestow;
Or grant the vast desires of man
This sov'reign good below.

5 He is himself the Sov'reign Good,
Its ocean and its source;
The creature's gifts, wherever view'd,
From him derive their course.

1 All the gay, golden rays of bliss,
Where'er diffus'd on earth,
Owe to this Sun of Righteousness
Their beauty and their birth.

2 Then, O my soul, hence search no more
For life among the dead:
Leave creature comforts, and explore,
On high the Fountain-head.

3 There blessings, only tasted here,
Shall ever flow complete;
And ev'ry ardent, large desire
Its full fruition meet.

4 Dear Lord, let me no longer stay
Beside earth's muddy rill;
But guide my footsteps in the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

5 Then, though my journey troublous be,
Or tempest black my night,
Thy grace shall safety be to me,
An harbinger of light.

For when, o'er death's drear sullen gloom,
The last glad morn appear,
Angels shall bear my spirit home,
To live for ever there. G. B.

CIX.

1 TO us, to us a Child is born,
Arise and hail the glorious morn:
Come, let us praise the God of heav'n,
To us, to us a Son is giv'n!

2 To us, the guilty race of man,
He comes!—an Infant of a span!
O let us sing his wondrous love,
Which brings salvation from above.

3 He comes, all potent to sustain,
In government an endless reign,
Sinners, rejoice and spread his fame,
In counsel wonderful his name.

4 The mighty God—the Prince of Peace,
Whose kingdom never shall decrease:
The everlasting Father's come—
How strange!—a servant—from the womb!

5 With angels let our souls adore
The virgin's Son—the Prince of power;
Jesus? with praise inspire our tongues,
And then accept our grateful songs.

6 All praise to God for grace divine!
The hymn let saints and seraphs join;
Let heaven with hallelujah's ring
While we adore our new-born King.

CX.

BLEST is the man, and none but he,
Who walks not with ungodly men,
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,
Nor sits the innocent t' arraign,
The persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.

Obedience is his pure delight,
To do the pleasure of his Lord:
His exercise by day and night
To search his soul-converting word,
The law of liberty to prove,
The perfect law of life and love.

Fast by the streams of Paradise
He as a pleasant plant shall grow:
The tree of Righteousness shall rise,
And all his blooming honours shew,
Spread out his Boughs, and flourish fair,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

His verdant Leaf shall never fade,
His works of Faith shall never cease,
His happy toil shall all succeed
Whom God Himself delights to bless:
But no success th' ungodly find,
Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.

5 No portion and no place have they
With those whom GOD vouchafes prove:
Cast in the dreadful Judgment-Day,
Who trample on their Saviour's love;
Who here their bleeding LORD deny,
Shall perish, and for ever die.

CXI.

1 SEE, O LORD my foes increase,
Mark the troublers of my peace,
Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise,
"Heaven," they say, "its help denies,
"Help he seeks from GOD in vain,
"God hath given him up to man."

2 But thou art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in thee,
Now thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid,
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in thine Omnipotence.

3 To the LORD I cried; the cry
Brought my Helper from the sky;
By my kind Protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within his arms and rose;
Blest him for the calm repose.

Kept by him, I cannot fear
Sin, the world, or Satan near,
All their hosts my soul defies:
LORD, in my behalf arise,
Save me, for in faith I call,
Save me, O my God, from all.

Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thou hast quell'd the adverse power
Pluck'd me from the jaws of Death,
Broke the roaring Lion's teeth,
Still from all my foes defend,
Save me, save me to the end.

Thine it is, O Lord to save;
Strength in thee thy people have,
Safe from sin in thee they rest,
With the gospel-blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

CXII.

LORD, in thy wrath no more chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
Against a child of man:
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,
And full of sin and pain.

2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still:
O when shall it be o'er!
Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
And for thy mercy sake make whole,
And bid me sin no more.

2 Here, only here thy love must save;
I cannot thank thee in the grave,
Or tell thy pard'ning grace:
Who dies unpurg'd for ever dies,
The sinner, as he falls, he lies
Shut up in his own place.

4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans,
Yet still with never-ceasing moans
I languish for relief,
With tears, I wash my couch and bed,
My strength is spent, my beauty fled,
My life worn out with grief.

5 But shall I to my foes give place?
Or in the name of Jesus, chase,
My troublers all away?
In Jesu's name, I say, depart
Devils and sins; nor vex my heart,
For God hath heard me pray.

6 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,

And all my foes o'erthrow,
Shall conquer and destroy them too,
And make ev'n me a creature new,
A sinless saint below.

CXIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
Wilt thou forever hide thy face?
Leave me unchang'd, and unrestor'd,
An alien from the life of grace!

How long shall I enquire within,
And seek thee in my heart in vain,
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain.

How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a fault'ring tongue)
See at thy feet my spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, how long?

Hear me, O Lord, my God, and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love,
Lighten mine eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.

Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the gulph beneath,
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting death.

6 Ah! suffer not my foe to boast
His vict'ry o'er a child of thine,
Nor let the proud Philistine's Host,
In Satan's hellish triumph join.

7 Will they not charge my fall on thee?
Will they not dare my God to blame?
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name.

8 Thou wilt, Thou wilt! my hope returns;
A sudden sp'rit of faith I feel,
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there for ever dwell.

9 My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near,
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour,
When perfect love shall cast out fear.

CXIV.

1 GOD of unfathomable love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
T'wards Adam's helpless race,
See, at thy feet, a sinner see,
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.

2 O let thy love to me o'erflow,
Thy multitude of mercies shew,

Abundantly forgive!
Remove th' insufferable load,
Blot out my sins with sacred blood,
And bid the sinner live.

Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay,
Mine inmost soul convert:
Wash me from all my filth of sin,
Come, Lord, and make me th'roughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.

For O my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven;
I have abus'd thy patient grace,
I have provok'd thee to thy face,
And dar'd the wrath of heaven.

Thee, only thee have I defied:
Tho' all thy wrath on me abide,
And my damnation seal;
Tho' into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell.

Cast in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,
My essence all unclean,
My total fall from God I mourn,
In sin I was conceiv'd and born,
Whate'er I am is sin.

7 But Thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity;
And by thy grace I humbly trust,
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.

8 Surely Thou wilt the grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart
Which did for sinners flow;
The blood that purges ev'ry sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
And make me white as snow.

9 Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy sweet forgiving voice,
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole,
May in thy strength rejoice.

CXV.

1 HEAVY on me, O Lord, thy judgments lye:
And curst I am; for God neglects my cry,
O Lord, in darkness, in despair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone!
O Lord arise, and let thy beams controul
These horrid clouds that press my frighted
soul,

O rise and save me from eternal night!
Thou art the God of light!

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain'd thy aid, none sing thy praise;
Soon I shall lye in death's deep Ocean drown'd;
Is mercy there, is sweet forgiveness found?
O save me yet, while on the brink I stand!
Rebuke these storms, and set me safe on land.
O make my longings and thy mercy sure!
Thou art the God of power!

Behold the weary prodigal is come,
To thee his hope, his harbour, and his home,
No father can he find, no friend abroad:
Depriv'd of joy, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrors and his anguish end!
Be thou his father, Lord, be thou his friend,
Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou art the God of love!

CXVI.

OUT of the depth of self-despair
To thee, O Lord, I cry:
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint;
O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint.

3 If thou art rig'rously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

4 But O! forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

5 I look to see his lovely face,
I wait to meet my Lord,
My longing soul expects his grace,
And rests upon his word.

6 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray;
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day!

7 Ye faithful souls confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption in his blood,
To wash out all your stains.

8 His Israel himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem;
The Lord our righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

CXVII.

The Creator and Creatures.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!

Nature and grace with all their pow'rs
Confess the Infinite unknown.

Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

A glance of thine runs thro' the Globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame.
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

CXVIII.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul:

Nothing hath half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we who have a Heav'n t'obtain
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And Stars their courses move;
We for whose guards the Angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We for whom God the Son come down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so luggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

CXIX.

On the Crucifixion.

1 FROM whence these dire portents around,
That Earth and Heaven amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the grou
Why hides the Sun his rays?

Not thus did *Sinai's* trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God!

Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesu sympathize!
Thou sun, as Hell's deep gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

See, streaming from th' accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne;
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

Let sin no more my soul enslave!
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;
Oh save me whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

CXX.

Faith in Christ.

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th'Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thy arm, victorious king,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpless worm
Into thy arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

CXXI.

A Thought in Affliction.

1 Wilt thou, O Lord, regard my tears,
The fruit of guilt and fear?
Me, who thy Justice have provok'd
Oh will thy mercy spare?

Yes; for the broken contrite heart,
Saviour, thy sufferings plead;
Oh quench not then the smoaking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed!

Thy poor, unworthy servant view,
Resign'd to thy decree;
Ordain me, or to live or die,
But live or die in thee!

Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,
My humble soul is cast!
Oh! bear me safe, thro' life, thro' death,
And raise me up at last!

Low as this mortal frame must lie,
This mortal frame shall sing,
Where is thy victory, O Grave!
And where, O Death, thy sting!

CXXII.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE, our souls (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint?
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the Heavenly road!

CXXIII.

Unfruitfulness.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy Word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain!

3 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?

How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

CXXIV.

The Resignation.

LONG have I view'd, long have I thought,
And trembling held this bitter draught;
'Twas now just to my lips applied,
Nature shrank in, my courage died:
But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mixt and given by thee.

I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
What he prescribes can ne'er be ill:
For each disease he knows what's fit,
He's wise and good, and I submit:
No longer will I grieve or pine;
Thy pleasure 'tis, it shall be mine.

3 Thy mid'cine puts me to great smart,
Thou wound'st me in the tend'rest part;
But 'tis with a design to cure,
I must and will thy touch endure:
All that I priz'd below is gone;
Yet still, Father, thy will be done.

4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With what was nearest to my heart,
I freely that and more resign,
Behold my heart itself is thine:
My little all I give to thee;
Thou hast bestow'd thy son on me.

5 He left true bliss and joy above,
Empty'd himself of all but love;
For me He freely did forsake
More than from me He e'er can take.
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did ev'n that resign.

6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still wish I had still to give,
I hear thy voice, thou bidst me quit
My paradise, and I submit:
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

CXXV.

A Prayer for the Light of Life.

1 O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

The clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

My mind by thy all-quick'ning power
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

Father, thy wandering son receive:
Saviour, thy purchase own:
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown!

Eternal and Almighty Lord,
Co-equal one and three!
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee!

CXXVI.

A Hymn to Christ.

MEEK, patient Lamb of God, to thee
I fly, thy meekness give to me:
I chuse thee for my life, my crown:
I pant to have thee all my own:
Thou seest my heart thou know'st my love,
From thee I never will remove;
No shame I fear, no pain or loss,
But gladly follow to the cross.

Make clean as wool my filthy heart,
Wash white as snow my every part:

Give me in stillness to sustain
Whate'er thy wisdom shall ordain.
Carve for thyself in me, and make
My heart thy Lamb-like image take:
Yea, slay me, Lord, and offer me
A pure burnt-sacrifice to thee.

3 Bind, Father, hand and foot thy son,
Nor leave thy work till all be done:
O never let me, Lord, go free
Till all my heart's resign'd to thee:
Then quickly to the altar lead,
And suffer me no more to plead:
No longer with th' old Adam bear:
Lead on dear Lord, consume him there.

CXXVII.

Before going to Work.

1 Let us go forth, 'tis God commands;
Let us make haste away,
Offer to Christ our hearts and hands;
We work for Christ to-day.

2 When he vouchsafes our hands to use,
It makes the labour sweet;
If any now to work refuse,
Let not the sluggard eat.

3 Who would not do what God ordains,
And promises to bless?
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains
Of sinful idleness?

4 In vain to Christ the slothful pray;
We have not learn'd him so;
No—for he calls himself the way,
And work'd himself below.

5 Then let us in his footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part;
On earth employ our hands and head,
But give him all our heart.

CXXVIII.

1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call,
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sovereign grace.

2 Glorious is the Lord most high,
Terrible in majesty,
He his Sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth he reigns.

3 He the people shall subdue,
Make us kings and conqu'rors too,
Force the nations to submit,
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.

4 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
Number us with Israel's sons;
God our heritage shall prove,
Give us all a lot of love.

5 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky:
Shout the angel-quires aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God!

6 Sons of earth the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine,
Emulate the heav'nly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

7 Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love,
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King!

8 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven!
Power he now to us imparts:
Praise him with believing hearts.

9 Heathens he compels t'obey,
Saints he rules with mildest sway,
Pure and holy hearts alone
Chuses for his quiet throne.

10 Peace to them and power he brings,
Makes his subjects priests and kings,
Guards, while in his worship join'd,
Bids them cast the world behind.

11 On himself he takes their care,
Saves them not by sword or spear,
Safely to his house they go,
Fearless of th' invading foe.

2 God keeps off the hostile bands,
God protects their happy lands,
Stands as keeper of their fields,
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.

3 Wonderful in saving power
Him let all our hearts adore,
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory be to God most high!

CXXIX.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, 'till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

CXXX.

The Offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set thee, Saviour, forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh
Lo, the great angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands,
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great prophet of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide;

And thro' this desart land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

I love my shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep.
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

Jesus, my great high priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

O thou almighty Lord,
My conq'ror and my king,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the pow'r, behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down,
My captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays,
Superior pow'r, and guardian grace.

CXXXI.

Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between?
And hills of guilt? a heavy load.

2 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow,
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains
And make the crystal mountains flow.

3 Hark! how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come thou! the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come!

4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complain
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for Thee,
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for immortality.

5 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills;
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

Hark! what a shout of violent joys
  Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
  Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host,
  Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry sacred, sleeping dust
  Leap into life; for Jesus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
  New-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay,
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
  To reign with him in endless day.

CXXXII.

Chap. iv. ver. 1, *&c.*

KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word;
'Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties.

'Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me;
'I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comliness on worms!

Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
From thee: come, Saviour, come away.

4 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.

CXXXIII.

1 IN this expressive bread I see
The wheat by man cut down for me,
And beat, and bruis'd, and ground:
The heavy plagues, and pains, and blows,
Which Jesus suffer'd from his foes,
Are in this emblem found.

2 The bread dried up and burnt with fire
Presents the Father's vengeful ire
Which my Redeemer bore:
Into his bones the fire he sent,
Till all the flaming darts were spent,
And justice ask'd no more.

3 Why hast thou, Lord, forsook thine own?
Alas, what evil hath he done,
The spotless Lamb of God?
Cut off, not for himself, but me,
He bears my sins on yonder tree,
And pays my debt in blood.

4 Seiz'd by the rage of sinful man
I see him bound, and bruis'd, and slain;
'Tis done, the martyr dies!

His life to ransom ours is given,
And lo! the fiercest fire of heaven
Consumes the sacrifice.

He suffers both from man and God,
He bears the universal load
Of guilt and misery;
He suffers to reverse our doom;
And lo! my Lord is here become
The bread of life to me.

CXXXIV.

THEN let us go, and take, and eat
The heavenly everlasting meat,
For fainting souls prepar'd;
Fed with the living bread divine
Discern we in the sacred sign
The body of the Lord.

The instruments that bruis'd him so
Were broke and scatter'd long ago,
The flames extinguish'd were;
But Jesu's death is ever new,
He whom in ages past they slew,
Doth still as slain appear.

Th' oblation sends as sweet a smell,
Ev'n now it pleases God as well
As when it first was made:
The blood doth now as freely flow,
As when his side receiv'd the blow
That shew'd him newly dead.

4 Then let our faith adore the Lamb
To-day as yesterday the same,
In thy great offering join,
Partake the sacrificial food,
And eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
And live for ever thine.

CXXXV.

1 O God, that hear'st the prayer,
Attend thy people's cry,
Who to thy house repair,
And on thy death rely,
Thy death which now we call to mind,
And trust our legacies to find.

2 Thou meetest them that joy
In these thy ways to go,
And to thy praise employ
Their happy lives below,
And still within thy temple gate
For all thy promis'd mercies wait.

3 We wait t'obtain them now,
We seek thee crucified,
And at thy altar bow;
And long to feel applied
The blood for our redemption given,
And eat the bread that came from heav'n.

4 Come then our dying Lord,
To us thy goodness shew,
In honour of thy word
The inward grace bestow,

And magnify the sacred sign,
And prove the ordinance divine:

CXXXVI

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Let thy blood by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CXXXVII.

1 GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the friend of sinners sing
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
With that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done!
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was ever love like thine!

Never love nor sorrow was,
Like that my Jesus shew'd;
See him stretch'd on yonder cross

And crush'd beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heav'nly birth declare!
Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God that suffers there!

4 Jesus drinks the bitter cup;
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan:
Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsions lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies!

5 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal Pan,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man:
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

6 Well may heaven be cloth'd with black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agony partake,
The hour of darkness share:
Mourn th' astonish'd hosts above,
Silence saddens all the skies,

Kindler of seraphic love
The God of angels dies.

7 O, my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree——
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

8 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above!
Lives our head to die no more;
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worship'd as he was before
Th' immortal King of heaven.

9 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace,
And truth which never fail,
Hast'ning to behold thy face
Without a dimming veil:
We shall see our heavenly king,
All thy glorious love proclaim,
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